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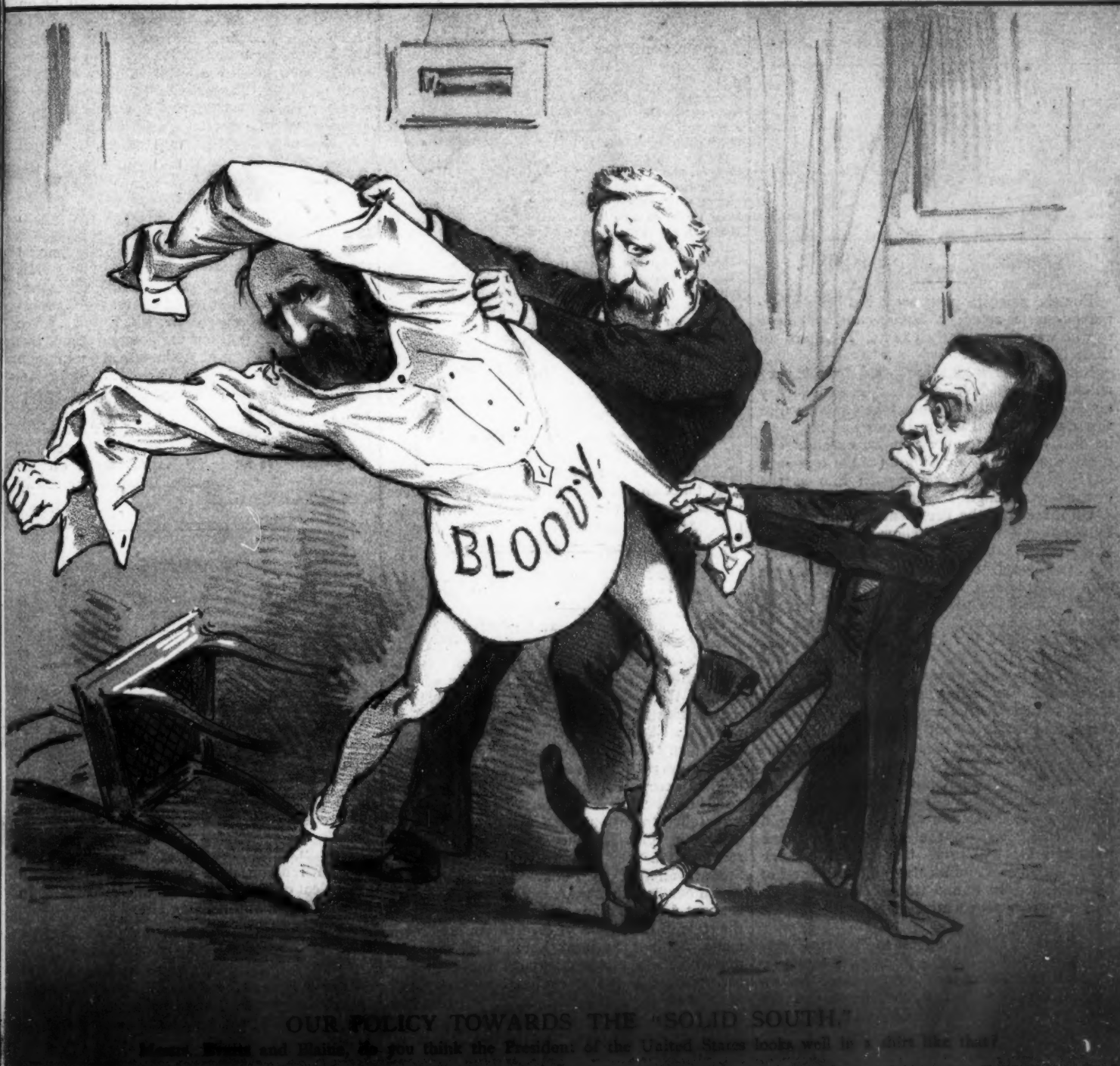
"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

Puck

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 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN.
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PUCK will hereafter be on Sale in London, at the News Agency of Messrs. HENRY F. GILLIG & CO., 449, Strand, Charing Cross.

Americans in Paris, hitherto reduced to "Punch," "Fun" and "Judy," will now find their natural paper on file at the "Herald" Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opera.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications, and to this rule we can make no exception.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

Our advertising friends are only required to pay bills presented on the billheads of PUCK, with our stamp IMPRESSED thereon. KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

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THE PRESIDENT AND HIS SHIRT.

FOR the past two years there has been a perpetual quarrel among politicians and editors as to who was the recently elected President of these United States.

But the fact remains that Mr. Hayes is very much the President, and Mr. Tilden is very much—not. Puck has not taken any hand in this quarrel, for it was no funeral of his. All he has done is to ever turn his watchful eye upon the *de facto* or *de jure* (as the case may be) President, and praise or warn him as the circumstances might require.

Until recently the President has pleased us by a policy toward his fellow-citizens of the South which seemed, by its tone of conciliation, to cement, to gum up, as it were, the torn map of the Union.

Valuable as the paste-pot is to the average editor (see Puck's Exchanges), it is far more valuable to the Chief Magistrate of a torn and distracted country.

And, right when we were congratulating ourselves and, so to speak, patting the President on the back for being a good fellow, comes the rumor that the President is going to fling the Bloody Shirt to the breeze, and array a Solid North against a Solid South.

It was Mr. Webster, if we mistake not, who firmly opposed the wearing of diplomatic regalia by our Ministers abroad. What would Mr. Webster say to the President at home wearing a bloody shirt? It does not become the President. It hasn't the picturesqueness of the toga; it is more anti-Comstockish than the kilt; and it is provocative of many bickerings and quarrels.

Please, Mr. Hayes, suggest to Messrs. Evarts and Blaine to run their own States, if they can; and that you will attend to the United States. Gently hint to them that, so long as you are President of this whole country, the shirt you wear will not be a bloody one.

PUCK HAND-IN-HAND WITH ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

RECENTLY our dearly beloved Anthony Comstock took care of the morals of this city by seizing a copy of Hans Makart's great painting of the Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp. To be sure the original of this picture had been exhibited in many of the great Art-galleries of Europe. It is also true that it had been engraved on steel and on stone, and on wood, and reproduced in illustrated journals which went into the homes of Europe.

But that won't do for us. These effete dynasties of Europe cannot send their wicked artistic ideas over to pure America, never—while an Anthony Comstock remains to protect us.

And here is where Puck comes in hand-in-hand with Mr. Comstock. If these wicked German and French artists will insist upon sending their naughty pictures, of historical events, over to this country to corrupt our youth, Puck proposes so to temper the picture to the would-be shorn lambs, as to remove all possibility of danger. We therefore address an open letter to Mr. Comstock, as follows:

13 North William St.
 Wednesday, Nov. 20, 1876.

DEAR MR. COMSTOCK:—

Your efforts in regard to Virtue deserve my most hearty thanks. I am with you heart and hand. Please look at the pictures of the robbers stealing and removing A. T. Stewart's remains, published in a recent weekly paper. Also, turn your attention to the "Boys' Weeklies"—and the "Girls' Weeklies."

As to Art, I think you had better close up Schaus's Gallery, and the Academy of Design, at once.

The chromo business might call for your attention, except that you only attack high art. As to statues I have made an arrangement with sundry clothiers in Baxter St., for trousers which I think will do away with the immodesty of the fig leaf. In any event, before you sequester another wicked picture of French or German high art, bring it to me and I will clothe it so that it cannot harm the youthful youth of our noble, but, alas, uneducated (in art) country.

For PUCK is nothing, if not modest. In the interest of bully morality, and hoping you will soon organize a Society for the Prevention of Seeing Pictures, Believe me

P. S.—Send your photograph. I will do as much for you as I have for Talmage. P.

In the cartoon on our last page will be seen a reproduction of Hans Makart's great painting, clothed and in its right Comstock mind. And if it takes all the old clothes in Baxter Street we propose to make the pictures in America modest.

PUCK RETURNS THANKS.

OUR readers must have observed in the *Herald*, of Nov. 12, a letter signed "A Company." This rather vaguely-described association announced itself as the possessor of the late Mr. A. T. Stewart's remains (we refer to the remains that did not remain), and furthermore stated that the persons advertising for the return of the said remains having neglected to comply with the conditions on which the holders were willing to deliver goods, the said goods had been cut up into small portions and dispatched to various parts of the country. It is now our pleasing duty to acknowledge the receipt of a specimen brick of the late Mr. Stewart allotted to PUCK. The section for which our best thanks are due to "A Company" is about 6 inches x 3 1/2, and is put up much in the style of the bricks of Neapolitan ice cream made familiar as household words in the mouths of our citizens through the efforts of Mr. Allegetti; and is enclosed in a neat and tasteful envelope of tinted paper. We consider it one of the most artistic things in its peculiar line that we have ever met with. There is,

however, a rather liberal amount of it for its size. Our entire staff, including the artists, has retired from the office, leaving that palatial apartment in undisturbed possession of this small token of "A Company's" esteem and affection. The family undertaker (the same whose duty it is to inter our Spring poets) has been sent for.

In conclusion, we would again express our heartfelt gratitude to our anonymous friend, for their condensed but vigorous courtesy. They can have it back, by paying expenses calling at this office, and proving property.

LORNE AND LOYALTY.

In a few days the newly-appointed Governor, General Lorne, will be among our neighbors over the border, if the steamer that carries that young and intelligent Scotchman doesn't come to grief—which Heaven forbid. Puck, as a cosmopolite, must necessarily view with deep interest the administration of the government of any portion of this Continent, even if it does owe allegiance to some other power, and therefore trusts that the Canadians will be on hand to see that the young man gets a train to Ottawa, and that some of their politicians show him how to go to work. He is new at the business, which is not a difficult one, and will want coaching. Lorne will find himself among a very plain sort of people—a people who are accustomed to Governors, and attach no importance whatever to illuminations, triumphal arches, fireworks, addresses, hoarse shouts and cheering, before they find what stuff a fellow has in him. He mustn't expect to hear or see anything of this kind yet, although his record is quite a decent one.

By the way, it may not be generally known that Governor Lorne is a married man. His wife, we believe, belongs to a family of monopolists who have contracted to run the Government of the extensive British Empire. We don't know much about the young woman, but hope she will call and make our acquaintance when she comes to New York. She'll probably get asked out in Canadian fashionable circles when she's been in the country a bit.

Captain Edinburgh, who commands a ship, is to meet her. We shall be glad to see him, too—that is, if he is an improvement on his Grand Uncle George, and some other shady members of the family.

Puckerings.

ARE watered silks dry-goods?

If anybody steals the body of John I. Dav-enport, no reward will be offered for it, dead or alive.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL LORNE is said to have thrown up everything except his Canada appointment.

MARK LORNE and his wife, Lou Lorne, are having a *sic transit* to the land of the snobby blue noses.

MONOMANIAC MURPHY says there is a great deal of religion in a clean shirt. There's a great deal of clean shirt and unclean hearts in most religions and nothing else.

NOTICE.

ANYONE offering this paper an alleged joke on Lorne Forlorn, Lawn-tennis, Lawn handkerchiefs, Lorgnette, Laundry, A-lornzo, or any similar atrocity, will be dealt with to the fullest extent of Lorne justice. PUCK.

IT WAS THE OYSTERS.

THE *Sun* recently gave an account of a man who died after what has hitherto been characterized by a prejudiced world as "a hard drunk."

We say deliberately "hitherto." The harmless amusement referred to will be so called no longer; for in this humble "subject" at Bellevue hospital died a martyr to Science and to Society.

After his death the body of our friend—yes, we are proud to call him so—was handed over to the medical students, who bore him gaily to the dissecting room, and lifted him with care to the table, whereon, in due course, they carved him.

The results of the incisions of that clinical party are destined to wipe out utterly and entirely one of the world's most cherished superstitions.

In the stomach of the deceased were found, and for the first time in the history of medicine, fully and scientifically analyzed, the component parts of the so-called "hard drunk."

What were they?

One half a gallon of whiskey—AND FOUR OYSTERS!

Four large, well-developed Saddle-Rock Oysters.

There was the rub. Careful examination of the loaded stomach revealed the fact that the deceased had done all that in him lay to dispose of those four fatal oysters by retro-active incitement; but that he had failed. The stubborn Saddle-Rocks scorned retreat. Like the President of France—and the *de-facto* President of the United States—they were there, and they meant to stay there.

At each spasmodic upheaval, sympathetically responding to a coaxing finger in the œsophagus, those oysters rose to whatever is the medical name for the junction of the gullet with the stomach, and there stuck—much as a random subterranean frog is occasionally sucked into the bottom of a water-pipe, causing a sudden stoppage of the water supply, and more or less profanity on the part of the man at the pump.

So this man—this martyr—pumped himself, swore (presumably), and died—died, in all probability, with a deep and pitiless contempt for his own intestines.

But his death will be fertile in good things to the earth; and blossoms with innumerable benefits to all mankind.

For behold the lesson that it teaches.

It WAS the Oysters.

How many a poor victim to popular superstition has pleaded, meekly, hopelessly, submissively, this familiar excuse!—pleaded it to hard, incredulous, conventional souls, that spurned it with disdain and would have it not.

Was it ever accepted, that old excuse, so trite, and yet—so true, was it ever accepted, save by some young—very young—wife, in the angelic unsophistication of her honeymoon? And even in such a case, how remarkably short a repetition of the offense calling for that excuse would tend to cut that honeymoon!

And yet it *was* the Oysters.

It was not the whiskey that was in fault. The obedient, docile, accommodating whiskey, it would gladly have left the ungrateful stomach that sought to refuse it lodgment—but the implacable oyster barred its way.

What more could be asked of any liquid? What more could be asked of any sentient being than to retire gracefully when called upon to do so—or at least to show a gentle willingness to retire? On the other hand, should not obloquy be heaped on the head of the heartless oyster that insisted on keeping possession of a stomach that did not want it, in spite of the obvious and unconcealed hints of the stomach's owner?

Let us, then, hold the harmless and much misjudged whiskey innocent of the accusations so often leveled against it.

We see that genial fluid, at last, in the light of a libeled liquor. That innocent half-gallon in the stomach of Bellevue's latest subject has cleared the reputation of whiskey in general.

But what an ineradicable stain rests on the moral character of the oyster. That bivalve is now revealed to us in all its naked iniquity, loaded down with the weight of the uncounted crimes which it has so long laid at the door of the guiltless whiskey. We gaze on the oyster, now, with feelings of horror and aversion. We regard it as a whited sepulchre—a hypocrite—a Scribe and a Pharisee.

This startling discovery could have been made at no time more apposite than the present—when Mr. Francis Murphy has just begun his Temperance Crusade in our benighted city. Not that Mr. Murphy should stop the flood of his eloquence when he has adjusted, as we feel sure he will be sure to adjust, his theories to the facts we have adduced. Far from it. Let him, by all means, continue to preach—and practice—Temperance; but let it be temperance in Oysters, and not in Whiskey.

Let him point out to our young men, so recklessly rushing on to destruction, the seductive and insidious dangers of the Oyster. Let him point out to them how a career of unchecked dissipation in Oysters ends inevitably in intestinal derangement and death.

Let him continue his crusade—let him speak with the tongues of men and of angels; but let him direct it against a fitting object, and take for his text hereafter:

IT WAS THE OYSTERS.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.



The English Sentinel and the Russian Bear.

But where is the Bear?

OUR POLICE.

THE activity of our police is mostly manifested in the noble acrobatic work of the patrolman when he clubs an unfortunate citizen who falls by the way with a sudden attack of heart disease; or when his colossal figure is seen chasing a very small and hungry bootblack, with a desire to beat him into those regions where the weary are at rest.

But when Manhattan Bank Depositors are robbed of their savings; and when cashiers are knocked down in crowded thoroughfares; or when graves are despoiled and bodies are torn from the tomb;—then our police rest from their activity. The blind man who perambulates our avenues with the aid of a dog and a stick is a fit exemplar of our detective police. Eyes have they, but they do not see the criminals; ears have they, but they do not hear the rumors that all civilians are familiar with. Even when a man is murdered in broad daylight in Chatham Square, in this city, it is the citizens, and not the police, who follow and secure the murderer.

For the detection of crime the police seem to be entirely at a loss; they search in the most improbable places; they ask questions of the least suspected persons; and generally arrest the wrong parties, in order, to use the police theory, to carry out the idea that it is better to arrest the innocent rather than to make no arrests at all. Looking for burglars in water pipes; interviewing the old apple-woman on the corner; consulting dream-books;—these are some of the methods employed by our police for the detection of crime.

The city of New York, with its own magnificent population, its enormous amount of daily visitors, and, including, as it does, two-thirds of the population of its suburbs of Brooklyn, Jersey City and their out-lying suburbs, should have a police at least equal to that of Paris or Vienna. But no! Our police are the henchmen of two cent politicians whose duty they do. Little they care for the work of the city so long as the politician is at their back, and they can draw their pay, regularly. But a city which allows elevated railways to ruin the best business thoroughfares cannot be expected to complain if its Police are sleepy and incompetent. So they allow our money to be stolen in broad daylight; they let our dead bodies be snatched from the tomb; they permit us to be murdered in crowded streets—now what will they wink at next? Can we be pulled from our beds, alive? Can we be burned alive at mid-day, in our houses? Will the police allow the robbers to steal our stores and the goods in them while we are doing business?

Probably so. For as at present constituted the police of this city of New York seems to be a machine rather to use up the money which the tax-payers are compelled to supply for their support, than to protect the tax-payers themselves.

NEW HAVEN claims the girl of the .—*Boston Post*. Albany has her —.—*Albany Argus*. A girl of the . ought to be , *il faut*.

ACCORDING to the *Sun* the Rev. James Hodgson, of Petersburg, Virginia, advises his congregation to prepare their ascension robes for the 5th day of next January when the end of the world is to take place. This event is coming off a little sooner than we expected, but we are glad that we shall be able to get through with our New Year's calls, with three days in which to recover from the festivities of the occasion, and to supply ourselves with the latest thing in ascension or decension ulsters.

APART.

(From the French of M. Jacques Normand.)

THE Orient sun, kissing the plane-tree's height,
 With quivering flame the high seraglio tips:
 In the bath's embrace of perfumed purple slips
 The Sultana all her limbs luxurious white.
 The newborn Spring laughs in the clear air bright.
 Soft passion thrills the Houris' crimson lips;
 From line to line where the burning azure dips,
 Love's limitless wings have paused in languid flight.

Black in symbolic robes of sterile snow,
 While myriad mouths of fire make music low,
 Alone one Eunuch lingers silently:
 Leaning where red sun-rays the south walls woo,
 He watches two turtle-doves that bill and coo,
 And dreams absorbed before that Mystery.

PADDLEFORD'S PANORAMA.

THE "dodger" thrust into my hand by a
 wild-eyed and sparsely-clad street Arab bore
 this legend:

GO SEE

Paddleford's Panorama of the Great Metropolis

TO-NIGHT,

AT WASHINGTON HALL.

Admission 35 cents.

I went.

Paddleford didn't call it a Panorama. He christened it with a corrugated word of a dozen syllables linked together with hyphens, and bearing a striking resemblance to the broken-backed cognomen of an Indian chief, or the caruncled name of one of the lakes of Maine.

A "small but select audience" was present. By the way, did you ever read of a "small audience" that wasn't select? After a few familiar airs on a wheezy melodeon, the curtain creaked up and the lecturer made his appearance with a graceful bow and a long stick. He spoke in substance as follows, as the reporters say:

Ladies and Gentlemen—We propose this evening to treat you to a few faithful scenes of every-day life in the Great Metropolis. Our painting is a work of high art. It is also a work of long art—much longer than it is high. We couldn't have it as high as it is long without taking the roof off the hall, and this would incur too much expense. And besides, there are very few persons in this country who can appreciate art that high. This imposing structure coming into view is a Theatre. The bill-board at the door tells us that the piece now running is a drama called "Uncle Tom's Cabin." If our memory serves us rightly, it was not written by Shakspeare. The drama is not altogether new. It is an American play, but a number of the characters appear in Cork. These three young men coming out of the Theatre are going around the corner to get a clove to chew. Cloves around the corner cost ten cents per clove. "Aunt Ophelia," an eccentric female in the play, has observed "How shiftless!" twenty-seven times in ten minutes, which has so unnerved these young men that a stimulant in the shape of a clove is absolutely necessary. Young men, upon entering a theatre, should be carefully searched, and if no cloves are found on their persons, they should be denied admittance. This precaution would save the respectable portion of the audience much annoyance—and smothered profanity.

This young couple, out for a promenade, are not brother and sister. Oh, no. See how fondly and confidently she gazes into his eyes, and how his head instinctively inclines unto hers, as he softly whispers into her little pink

ear. He is telling her that the sun, instead of being a habitable orb girt round by phosphorescent cloud-masses, is really a ball of fire, and emits as much heat per second as would result from the combustion of 1,000,000,000 tons of coal. Or something that way. They are not married.

This palatial pile on the left, as the sign informs us, is called a Safety Trust Fund. It is so called because it is not safe to trust your funds in it. Money deposited in a bank, however, is never stolen. It is sometimes "absorbed" though, and it frequently happens, that after a cashier goes to Europe, *in cog*, for his health, some disagreeable person discovers an error in the wanderer's accounts, and a deficiency of two or three hundred thousand dollars always follows. In heathen lands this "deficiency" would be called by the harsher name of stealing. But what do the poor, miserable heathen know about finance and its mysteries. The excited crowd of people you see in front of the bank are called depositors. The funds have been absorbed; but it is not known whether this disaster was caused by hiding the key and combination of the safe under the door-steps, or by the cashier going to foreign lands to recuperate his health. This haggard individual, gesturing wildly, is denouncing the bank officials. And he only lost five hundred dollars by the "deficiency," too—money saved from a hard-earned salary of eight dollars per week, which would have come handy in case of sickness. But what right has a man whose weekly stipend is so small to get sick? There should be legislation to prevent such ridiculousness.

Here is a picture painted in colors of living light, as it were. Also, in red, yellow, blue, and several other shades. It was painted by an old master—an old schoolmaster. Rubens never painted anything like this. This man with long hair and a famine-stricken air is a poet. He is a beautiful spring poet. See how beautifully he is sprung in the legs. The roll of manuscript under his arm is a poem of eighty-seven verses, entitled: "Oh! Let Me Soar." He looks sore, don't he? If he were to soar fifteen millions of miles into the blue ether, no hearts would ache. Not a heart. The soarer he got, the less sore his acquaintances would feel. His poem is worth two cents a pound.

This building on the corner is a printing-office. The editorial rooms are on the fourth floor. Here is where editors mould public opinion and call their contemporaries liars. The paper printed in this office has the largest circulation in the United States. So has the paper issued from the office on the opposite corner. We cannot pretend to explain this. This young man coming down the steep flight of stairs with such reckless haste—heels over head, and the blood oozing from his nose—started at the fourth landing. He called in the editor's office with a pun on Ameers. Persons who bore editors with puns on Ameers always come down-stairs that way. This individual with red eyes, a battered hat and a sheepish look, is going up to request the editor to keep his name out of the police reports. He remained down at the "Lodge" until such a late hour last night that he couldn't find his way home, and a policeman gathered him in for trying to walk on both sides of the streets at once. The Lodge is a place where oysters are sold; also beer. My young friends, look not upon the "Lodge" when it is red. It biteth like a sea-serpent and stingeth like a female sewing circle.

This object apparently floating in the air, a little way down the street, is not an angel. It is simply a youth who has been tossed skywards by a wild steer. It is considered a dull day in the metropolis when a wild steer doesn't rush through the streets and violate the temperance pledge by treating two or three pedestrians to

a couple of horns. The man running and flourishing a pistol is a member of the best police force the world ever saw. He will presently discharge his revolver at the infuriated beast and shoot a man around the corner in the leg. The current notion that these wild steers are in the employ of editors who want to bull the news item market is erroneous.

This gloomy-looking structure is a prison. You have all doubtless been in—been instructed as to the purposes of a prison. When a man who is on the verge of starvation steals a loaf of bread, he goes to prison for ten months. When a man steals \$150,000 from a public institution of which he is an officer, he goes to Europe for ten months. Thus it will be seen that a prison, as well as "Reform, is necessary."

This man is an editor. He has just finished reading the proof of his labored editorial on "Make Home Pleasant for the Children," and now he is going home. As soon as he gets into the bosom of his interesting family, he will throw himself into an easy chair, draw fourteen newspapers out of his coat-pockets, cast a threatening glance at his children, and commence to read an article on the "Situation in Europe." At the expiration of five minutes he will peer over his glasses and angrily exclaim: "Children, stop that confounded noise this instant, or you'll get packed right off to bed!" In less than ten minutes he will resume making home pleasant for the children by again shouting: "Reginald Norman! you take a seat on that chair, and don't let me hear another word out of your head! And, Algernon Sydney! you put those marbles away, or I'll throw them into the fire! D'ye HEAR?" The children hear—and subside.

This large canvas tent, with three centre-poles, bears a striking resemblance to a circus. But it is not a circus. It is an Equescurriculum. It has no clown, but its Great American Jester looks enough like the clown of our happy boyhood days to be his twin brother. And he gets off the same original jokes, too. "Why," he asks, "why can't a woman raise a beard?" The ringmaster—only he isn't called a ringmaster—never having heard the conundrum before, gives it up, whereupon the jester answers: "Because she can't hold her mouth shut long enough to get shaved." Aristotle was only seventeen years old when he invented this conundrum. It is so old now that it walks with a crutch, and can't see to read fine print without the aid of spectacles. By the way, since ladies have embarked into the barber business, they *can* and *do* razor beard. That is a pun. I hate puns. Some writer says that the man who perpetrates a pun will pick a pocket. That writer is a musical instrument. Its other name is a lyre.

This is not a murder; the boy is dead. His skull is crushed, both his legs are broken, and his chest caved in. Observe the sweet and contented look of satisfaction lingering on the faces of the spectators gathered around the corpse. The verdict of the coroner's jury was: "Justifiable homicide in self-defense." The deceased, just before his sudden and awful death, was whistling "Grandfather's Old Time-piece."

This, ladies and gentlemen, concludes the first part of our entertainment. An intermission will now be given, to enable us to brighten up our moon and manufacture sheet-iron thunder for a terrific storm.

J. H. W.

MAPLESON says that Mr. Carlberg's remarks were a weerry 'ard 'it at Ardit.

WASHINGTON was the father of his country, Hayes is the grandmother of his.

SOME SOCIAL FIENDS.

VIII.

THE FIEND OF THE SICK-ROOM.



If the reader of these lines has ever been sick and confined to his house, he knows the Fiend of the Sick-room. This Fiend is sleek, oleaginous and of a truly moral nature. He dissatisfies you with your physician; he excites you with his diagnosis of the real nature of your disease; he frightens you with tales of the mistakes of the entire medical faculty; and horrifies you at the stories he tells of the fatal carelessness with which druggists put up their potions. Then he affords comfort by telling you that he knows the only thing that will bring you a speedy and permanent cure, and he forthwith presents you with a Box of "Bobb's Universal Pills," and he won't leave until you swallow some.

Now this would not be beyond human nature to bear if he were the *only* Fiend of the Sick-room. But, alas, his name is Legion! No sooner has the F. of Bobb's Pills departed than in comes another F. who knows your complaint thoroughly. What troubles you is fatty degeneration of the liver-bones, and nothing will cure that except "Gander's Perpetuating Mixture." And this Fiend won't leave until you have, with much writhing and nausea, swallowed a dose of the Mixture. But then, when the outraged stomach has repelled these things that two Fiends have given it, then comes in Fiend No. 3, who grasps the hand of the patient and finds out suddenly that it is not the bones of the liver that are affected, but merely the brachial flexus of the right-left toe. This can only be cured by a mustard bath, and this Fiend of the Sick-room at once goes out and purchases a pound of Hotter's Best Fine Ground Mustard, and, putting it in a bath, undresses the sick patient and tosses him therein. A half-hour, thereafter, the invalid, more dead than alive, crawls into his bed, and tries to collect his scattered senses to make his will; for he cannot bear this sort of thing much longer. But then comes in another Fiend of the Sick-room, with many smiles, and many words of consolation, and earnestly advises his sick friend, if he desires to save his life, to try the knuckling cure. This he explains; and the woe-begone patient allows himself to be stripped and punched wherever he has a bone by the strong knuckles of his friend.

At last, moribund, he is lifted into bed, and totally unable to make his will he folds his hands and tries to repeat the prayer he learned in childhood at his mother's knee. Soft slumbers woo him, he gradually glides into a gentle slumber, when—another Fiend of the Sick-room comes in, jovially, and arouses the sick man in the sick-room merely to tell him how to get on his legs again. It is simply to use the Great Hydro-Oxydene Douche, which is the only thing which can cure the peritonitis of the radicals of the clyliferous vessels. Limp and

exhausted after his Douche the invalid reaches his bed, secures a prize-fighter and a special policeman to guard his door against Sick-room Fiends, and allows his doctor to cure him.

E. S. L.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. LXIV.

AN EXHUMED MIL-LIONAIRE.



Ya-as, awfully odd, yer know, a gweat many aw differwent things are happening, and it's a verwy difficult thing to chwonicle and wemembah them; but I'll twy what I can do aw.

There is quite a considerable outcwy at the pwsent moment about some fellow who's had his body aw—dead body, yer know, taken out of his gwave and twansported to some wemote spot in the countwy which no f-fellow can find out.

Some time befaw I visited this countwy, there was a dwapah aw—Irwish—who kept quite a large shop on Bwoadway Strweet. He sold all kinds of arwangements ovah the countah, fwom a needle to an anchah—no, not an anchah; dwapahs don't sell anchahs—but chest-pwotectors, parwasols, umbwellas, hearth-wugs and othah materwials, which in this countwy are widiculously called aw "dwy-goods," when they get wet with wain or other watah like ordinarwy things.

Howevah, this aw dwapah fellow got verwy wich. He had been almost a beggah befah;

but being, like all wich Amerwicans, a vulgarian, he still went on keeping a shop, and being verwy mean and miserly in his dealings, and dwiving out of the aw twade a lot of poor devils who also were desirwous of aw selling dwaperwy dwy-goods.

He built severah shops, and a white house to weside in. This is not the same white house as the Pwsident has faw a wesidence.

One day he aw died, and left all his gween-backs to a judge, who, I suppose—and Jack agwees with me—had always given decisions in his favah. Amerwican judges often do this sort of thing faw a considerwable numbah of dollahs.

This Stewart fellah also left a Hotel faw aw Females, in which no females have evah lived; and anothah Gward Union-Jack lodging house at Sarwatoga, where no Mohammedans or Hindoos are admitted.

The Judge, with all the dollahs, has aw been building an Amerwican Westminster Abbey faw the dead fellow, and in the interwim had him burwied in an ordinarwy churchyard.

Some fellahs have now wun away with the wemains. They did it on a wainy night, when nobody was looking. I wondah what they want with it—perwhaps to send to Madame Tussaud's. But an Amerwican dead dwapah is not a wemarkable figure in w-wax works.

The police and detectives can't twace the wobbahs. It is nevah considered necessarwy he-ah to arwest such people. Jack says that it would interfere too much with the fwedom and liberty of the subject.

Aw Lorne and his wife are, I believe, now cwossing the ocean towards Canada. Lorne is wather a corwect sort of fellow, and is going to be Governah there. I knew him at Eton. Perwhaps Jack and I may pay him a visit verwy soon aw.

THE MODEL BANK-DIRECTOR.



"If I wreck Homes, I at least build Churches!"

FASHION'S FOLLIES.
COSTUMES OF THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE.



A LA ROSETTE.
Too sweet for anything.



THE MUMMY.
An old fashion revived.



DRESSED TO KILL (MICE).
Beware of Man-traps.

MUSIC AND BUSINESS.

THE Junior Clerk in the office of Briggs Brothers & Co. came down to the office rather late on Monday morning. He said he had been ill; he had suffered from a sunstroke when an infant, and any sudden shock was liable to bring it on again. Therefore, when on Saturday evening he had heard of the death of his great-aunt, in Smithville, Iowa, he had been prostrated by the shock, and had passed the ensuing Sunday in a semi-comatose condition.

That the Junior Clerk prevaricated, it is scarcely necessary to remark. A Junior Clerk who would assign a probable—nay, even a possible cause for tardiness in reporting for duty, would be a phenomenon in the commercial world. And William Jones sought no invidious distinction above the race of Junior Clerks. He told his little fib in quite the conventional manner on every occasion that he happened to oversleep himself, and was duly disbelieved and labored with by his employers.

This time the trouble with the adolescent Jones was that he had been to an Opéra Bouffe on Saturday night, and that it had taken him all Sunday to recover from it. In fact, he wasn't fully recovered from it yet. Of this fact the whole office was made aware by his indulging in a brief but beautiful solo while engaged in emptying the large collection of waste-baskets owned by Messrs. Briggs & Co.

An air of amazement and horror spread over the countenances of the entire clerical staff, and when Mr. Jones, having disposed of the waste-baskets, devoted his energies to the spittoons, keeping up the same airy musical accompaniment, the clerks of Briggs & Co. looked as though they thought the millennium was within reaching distance. A Junior Clerk who made a specialty of caroling was something inconceivable from a strictly business standpoint. It seemed to be the general impression that the young man was in a mild state of mental aberration. Charity forbid the idea that he was committing the atrocity with deliberate intention.

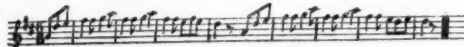
He was not. Mr. Jones was simply suffering from reminescent Opéra Bouffe on the brain. He had heard "la Belle Hélène"—heard it on a billboard ticket, and had caught one marked and melodious air. Perhaps it would be better to say that the air had caught him; for the personal identity of William Jones was

wholly and utterly under the power of the said air.

It was a simple air, one that might not have fitted with perfect precision the Wagner idea; but it was a first-rate tune to whistle, and lent itself readily to that exquisite and popular method of rendition known as humming. In the libretto of the opera it was known as "a Mont Ida," and went to certain French words quite correct grammatically; but decidedly off-color from a moral point of view.

Musically noted, the air ran thus, as Mr. Jones whistled it over the waste-baskets and hummed it above the well-nicotined cuspidors:

a-d-e-f-g-a-f-f-g-a-f-f-e-f-d | a-d-e-f-g-a-f-f-g-a-f-f-e-d-e-d.



If you can read music, you will see that this is a very catching air.* We have known one young man, with much wider possibilities of harmfulness than William Jones, to make himself a nuisance to all his friends and enemies, simply by having caught this air and feeling himself called upon to render it, vocally, whenever a chance offered. To be sure, there was this aggravating circumstance in the case of the young man we refer to that he was a youth who despised petty precision, and was perfectly satisfied if he came within three or four notes of the air—while his friends did not share his opinions on that subject.

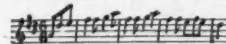
But even with William Jones, whose musical ear was unimpeachable, the tune proved peculiarly full of cussedness.

A diplomatic communication from the Head Bookkeeper induced Mr. Jones to finish wrestling with the spittoons in moody silence; but at intervals during the morning he broke out again: and at 11 minutes past 12 M., the Entry Clerk deemed it his duty to remonstrate with Mr. Jones. He was a quiet and methodical man, and he generally thought over what he had to say before saying it.

On this occasion he selected his words with unusual care, and braced himself up to say them. Somehow they didn't seem to come. They hitched in his throat for a moment, and then, as the Junior Clerk hummed:

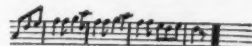
* If you can't, get some other fellow to read it for you. It might be a good excuse to call on the young person you worship, and ask her to play it for you. She needn't play it all the evening.

"Tum-tuti-te-te-ta-to-te-te-ta-to-te-te-ti-ti-tu—"



the Entry Clerk reprovingly warbled:

"Just you shut up that damn tune, will you, damn tune, will you, Wi-hil-yam Jones!"

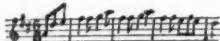


And then all the other clerks in the office turned round and looked at him, and he subsided and made entries for fifteen minutes.

We don't attempt to explain the occult psychological reasons for it; we simply record the fact that within another half-hour that office blossomed out into song like a cow-pasture with Canada thistles. The air for which Mr. Jones stood sponsor had been fermenting in the heads of the clerical staff ever since nine o'clock, and now it burst forth in several places.

It was 22 minutes to 1 when the Porter came up-stairs and melodiously inquired of the Cashier:

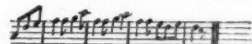
"An if ye plaze, sor, what's the combi-Nation for to open the safe?"



And at 12:57 the Cashier called up that Porter and said to him:

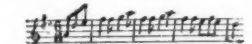
"Patrick, you crazy Irishman, stop whistling that infernal tune, and

go out and get me one ham-sandwich, one ham-sandwich thundering quick!"



But though the clerical crowd wore a certain look of uneasiness, as if it expected a visitation of yellow fever, or an all-round reduction of salaries, matters did not come to a crisis until 2 17½, when the Head Book-keeper himself, the Nestor of the office, went into the private apartment of the Senior Partner, and lifted up his voice in song, thus:

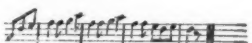
"What shall I debit Schmidt & Murphy, Schmidt & Murphy, Li-hi-verpool?"



Then the Senior Partner shoved his spectacles up on his forehead, gazed at his employee in horror, as he replied:

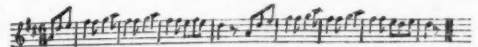
"Mr. Robinson, you have been in this house for thirty years;

but I have never seen you this way, seen you this way, this way before!"



The Head Book-keeper broke out into indignant protest, to the same tune, and then retreated to his desk, followed by the Senior Partner, who found the outer office in a state of wild and anarchical confusion. The entire commercial staff, led by William Jones, danced wildly around the room, over desks and tables, in a mad and reckless carmagnole, chanting with the abandon of bacchanalian revelers:

HEAD BOOKKEEPER (basso)—We are all crazy with that damn tune,
ENTRY CLERK (baritone)—On account of Wi-hil-iam Jones—
CASHIER (tenor)—Won't you dismiss him?
WILLIAM JONES (treble)—Oh, please don't, sir!
SENIOR PARTNER (basso-profondo)—Bounce out of this, O Wi-hil-iam Jones!



And now the office of Briggs & Co. is closed for repairs, and William Jones is out of employment and eagerly seeking a situation as Junior Clerk in some first-rate Opéra Bouffe company.

PARAGRAPH à la mode Anglaise: Taine has been made a French Academician because of his great attainments.

BAFFLED!!

THE TRIBUNE-BUILDING SNATCHERS
STILL AT LARGE.

THE POLICE IN DESPAIR.

WHERE CAN IT BE?

A POSSIBLE CLUE.

MYSTERIOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

THE excitement occasioned by PUCK's report of the barefaced theft of the *Tribune* Building still shows no signs of subsiding. The impudence of the act is still the main topic of conversation everywhere. In the cars, at the hotels, at every grocery and saloon in the city, groups of good citizens may be seen earnestly discussing the situation.

More than a week has now elapsed since the building has disappeared from its accustomed haunts, and nothing worthy of the name of a clue has yet been discovered. The police and Mr. Jay Gould have been overwhelmed with communications of various character, offering to return the noble pile on certain conditions.

It is very evident that the plans were carefully laid months before by professional burglars of great experience—but where they can have managed to "stow the swag," without giving rise to suspicion, is what puzzles our astutest detectives, although there are some who do not hesitate to assert that the inmates of a certain mansion in Gramercy Park could throw some light on the subject. Unkind people also openly charge a well-known editor, who has distinguished himself by his hostility to fraud, in being a party to the crime.

We append some of the mysterious missives referred to, in the hope that the publicity given to them may lead to the return of the tall tower and its inmates, and that Printing House Square may assume its normal condition.

AN IMPORTANT PROPOSAL.

WALL STREET.

MR. GOULD:

Put Union Pacific in hands of a receiver. Make one of us the receiver—and the building will be delivered to any express office you name. Answer through Puck Personals immediately, or we shall send Whitelaw Reid to Afghanistan.

BULLY BEAR.

BURGLAR OR POLITICIAN?

TO BOSS POLLISMAN, New York:

tell mister gold if he gits nomination and promis toe be nex prezzydint, I giv him bak is bildin. adres looseyanna returnin bored.

CLY FAKER.

WHAT CAN THIS MEAN?

JAY GOULD:

I know where your disreputable building is, and can influence its restoration (without editor) at once on your causing a copy of the *Tribune* to be published denying the truth of the cipher dispatches and expressing your confidence in the integrity of Samuel J. Tilden, the rightful President of the United States.

S. A. M. M. Y.

WHO CAN THIS BE?

WALL STREET SHARK, Esq.:

State in the most public manner that you are a fraud, and then I'll send you back Mr. Whitelaw Reid; but the building about which we hear so much never existed legitimately. It was a *de facto* newspaper office. It is gone. CAD.

DOES THIS SETTLE THE BUSINESS?

To the Editor of PUCK:

We have given Mr. Jay Gould information as to the manner in which he can recover the *Tribune* Building, viz., by turning over to ex-Secretary Robeson five millions of dollars for the encouragement of Wall Street "bucket-shops." He has not done as we have requested, and now we couldn't give him the building back if we wished, for it no longer exists. It has been carefully taken to pieces, brick by brick, which have been mailed to former subscribers of the *Tribune*. Of Mr. Whitelaw Reid we have made a handsome package, and have shipped it to Europe. The other members of the staff are in Boston, where they'll probably stay; the atmosphere of the place being more congenial than New York to their massive intellects.

The motive for our action is simple—we had none. COMPANY "A."

LATER.

CHICAGO, Nov. 19th—6 P.M.

A man named David Davis, said to be a United States Senator, was arrested on suspicion of having the *Tribune* Building concealed about his person. He is now being investigated.

LATEST FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

Superintendent Walling had his breakfast this morning in a most significant manner. This is attributed to the discovery of a new clue. At lunch he blew his nose two consecutive times with a new silk handkerchief, and an hour afterwards was observed engaged in a mysterious conversation with an elegantly-dressed lady with a large bundle under her arm. Some ill-bred people assert that the bundle only contained the Superintendent's soiled linen, and that the lady in question was his washerwoman. But this, of course, is scarcely consistent with previous developments.

A PROBABLE SUGGESTION.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18th.

To the Editor of PUCK:

Sir—Mr. J. Gould's building is in a Barrel of whiskey you will find it if you take the head Off the head of the Barrel I mean not the building it is in a good state of preservation And is coopered with two hoops the whiskey is not Fit to drink I am

Yours respfly.

J. JAMS.

FROM ONE OF THE B'HOYS.

BOWRY NOO YORK, Nov. 18.


Ole Man PUCK:

How you wos, i seen You wos a-lookin' fur de trybune Bi den, i no hoo as it. it was de Mackerilvil gang done it, Dey is all gallus boyz, i aint jined no gang nor i dont Care wot no snoozer sez, i aint done no Sech a snide ting, dem fellers wos too Fresh to steal dat bildin, dats wy I giv em away, dey order Pull down deir vest,

i am boss yooors,

TERRY.

A GENUINE CIPHER.

Zyx wv uts rgp onm lkj ihgfed cba. 

SWEET.

VASSAR COLLEGE, Nov. 17, '78.

To the Editor of PUCK (that dear PUCK!):

Dear Sir—I think it was horrid—don't you?—to steal that Darling Man, Whitelaw Reid—Whitry—we girls call him—I have read his lovely editorials, and think them so sweet—Do you really—really—think they will never find him again? I should never be happy again—if I thought so—do tell me, you dear, dear, darling PUCK!

MARIE ANGELINA SMITH, Scientifics, '79.

FASHION'S FOLLIES.

COSTUMES OF THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE.



THE POLICHINELLE.

With our compliments.



THE CLEOPATRA.

Fancy needlework.



THE TEMPTER.

A la Paradise.



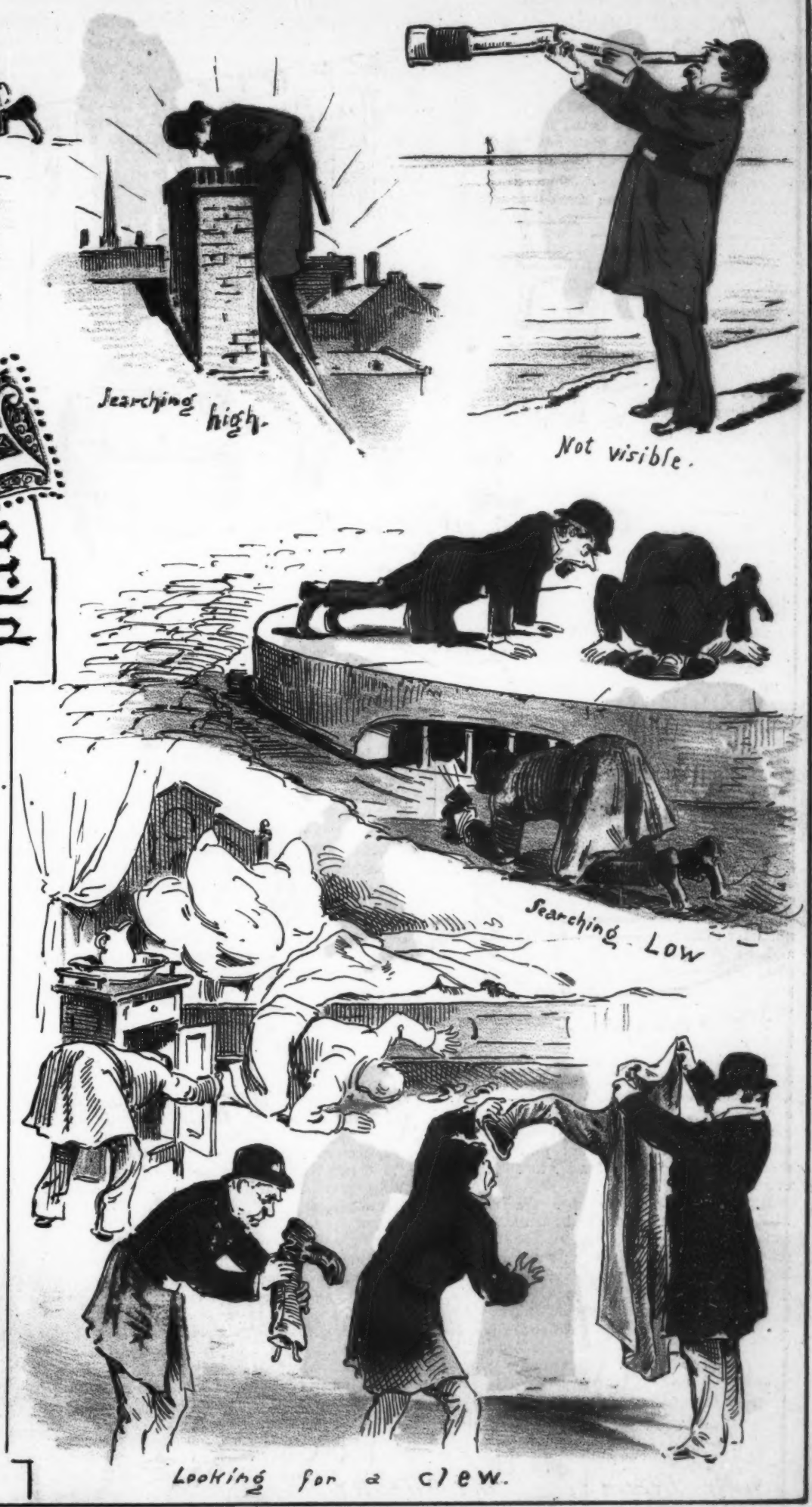
AFTER A REWARD HAS
Effect of a \$25,000 Reward on the "P"

PUCK.



HAS BEEN OFFERED.

the "Finest Police Force in the World."



RONDEAU.

GONE down, below the horizon opaline,
Where other days arise while ours decline,
As white ghosts fade when eastern skies grow bright,
The ship that bears my love is vanished quite,
Gone, and the vacant distance gives no sign.

See where that white wake turns to gold divine—
The sun that missed her had no heart to shine,
And, following her, is with my Day, my Light,
Gone down below.

O Sea! that bearest away this heart of mine,
And mockest me with back-blown gusts of brine,
Smooth all thy waves to aid yon poor craft's flight;
For now around it falls the crescent night,
And my love is already, I opine,

Gone down below.

THE HISTORY OF A MOVE.

IT seems to be a popular supposition that there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. This may be true in some instances; in mine it led to Jubyanna street and misfortune.

That I, Ichabod Greenhuff, Esq., who had lived seventeen years in Phogg street, second house from the corner, name on the door, should of my own accord take it into my head to move to Jubyanna street, is preposterous, impossible! The fact is, the idea was forcibly inserted into my head by Mrs. Greenhuff, who conducted that surgical operation somewhat in the manner following:

"Wouldn't I like to move to Jubyanna street?" she asked one evening.

"No, my dear! I'll be—that is, I *don't* think I would like to at all."

It was in such a delightful new neighborhood; elegant houses to be had for little or nothing (that vague price meaning, as usual, about twice as much as they were worth): such sociable people, too—the Perkinses moved up there last week, and the Browns were going to move up next week; wouldn't I now?

"My dear," I replied in that highly philosophical manner for which I am remarkable, "delightful new neighborhoods have ever been noted for the large crops of successful burglaries and the fever-and-ague they produce; and the sociable society one finds there is largely composed of the borrowing, not to say confidence' element."

At this point Mrs. Greenhuff manifested an inclination to weep.

Of course it didn't make any difference to me if we did live in a mean, contemptible street, where none of our friends would visit us; of course not. It didn't make any difference to me if the dear children had no pup—pup—playmates but those ragamuffins of Johnsons; and there was poor Mum—Maria, too. Nobody ever came to see her here.

Here a light broke upon me. Maria is my wife's sister, spinster, who had been living with us for some centuries. I mean since she left school. "I see it all," I said; "new neighborhoods mean new acquaintances, and new acquaintances sometimes marry; but allow me to remark that Maria may be mistaken if she thinks she will mate in one move—ha! ha! Chess, you know, mate in one move, see!"

But Mrs. Greenhuff didn't see—she never does see. I have made an average of one pun a day since our marriage, and she has never seen one of them. Something wrong—something wrong.

Well, after my life had been made miserable for some weeks by constant repetitions of scenes like the above, we moved to Jubyanna street.

It was so delightfully new, such a halo of

novelty seemed to surround it. Had you been in that locality twelve months ago you would probably have seen a meadowy landscape, dotted with rills and bears, and shepherds' cots, and things of that sort. When I first saw it, it was twenty-five bowers of bliss on one side of a street, gazing at twenty-five bowers of bliss on the other side; each bower was three stories high, and each row of bowers had a grocery store on one end and a drug store on the other. The melody of thirty-one pianos, playing selections from—Heaven knows what, mingled with the combined noise of countless boys, babies, and dinner-bells. Such was and is Jubyanna street.

The second day I lived there I entered the wrong house and surprised the wrong family at dinner, the head of which seized me by the collar, while the tail (a small-boy) ran to the window and called "fire!" Explanations ensued, and I invited him to call upon my family, requesting him to say nothing of the adventure.

He called one evening soon after, and, having previously solicited a small loan (hush money), he proceeded to give a very graphic description of the whole affair, much to my amusement. He was a very worthy man.

These are trifling incidents, however. Let me pass on to the catastrophe of my story, merely intimating, on the way, that in the course of three weeks I was violently ejected from at least five houses which I had entered by mistake, and was once actually assaulted and battered in my own by a man who claimed it was his. Nor would he acknowledge his mistake until I showed him our photograph album. As he did not know the faces, he concluded it was not his house. In that time, too, most of our kitchen utensils had been borrowed by the very sociable neighbors, and half of the boys called me familiarly, in the exuberance of their youth, "Old Greeny," while the other half saluted me as "Old Huffy." The "greenyites'" parents were the borrowers, the "huffyites'" had been refused.

And now for the tragedy.

Maria met her fate in the shape of a young man who boarded in the neighborhood. We all thought he was a very nice young man; so much good sense (in reserve); not exactly handsome, but a something about him. (Subsequent events showed that he generally kept it about him.) He informed me in confidence that his grandfather was a rich old hunk, who wanted to give him fifty thousand dollars, but he wouldn't take it, he was too proud; also that he received four thousand dollars a year from a firm in the city, but he had a strong desire to enter the ministry. As I really wanted to see Maria married (gracious! didn't I) I gave him all the encouragement I could, and finally, after Maria had angled and angled, and he had nibbled and nibbled, she landed him high and dry one night, after informing him, vocally and instrumentally, that her "love was like a red, red rose that sweetly blooms in June."

Whether it was that he discovered in himself a resemblance to a red, red rose, or whether he fancied there were suggestions in him of melodies sweetly played in tune, I cannot say; certain it is that in less than fifteen minutes Maria was an engaged woman.

We were all, of course, delighted—Maria at getting married; the young man, at getting Maria; I, at getting rid of her; my wife, at being able to pity her cousins, the McToady girls; and the children at prospects of what, in their childish innocence, they denominated a "big feed."

Alas! our happiness was brief.

It is customary in my wife's family, when any member is about to marry, to have a sort of formal presentation of the candidate for admission to the different members in conclave assembled. We accordingly arranged to give

a little supper for this purpose, and invited, first and foremost, my wife's Aunt Snapper, an ill-natured old wretch, whom we had been trying to conciliate for years, and who had my wife down in her will for a round sum; then the McToady girls, whom we hated, but had to invite for fear of displeasing the old lady; then the Jenkinses, the Oldsnaps, and about a dozen others, whom I will not mention.

When the appointed evening arrived the young man came not with it, he had gone down-town in the morning and had not yet returned. Miss Snapper came early, in a ferocious humor at having been driven first to the wrong street, and then to the wrong house; she brought the McToadys in her carriage. One by one all the guests arrived, but no young man. I became excited; the supper and Aunt Snapper were both boiling over; the McToadys hinted at the possibility of there not being any young man to come, which made Maria say: "It is no wonder that some folks didn't believe there was such a thing as a young man in the whole world." I went to the front door, met the servant-girl coming in, she said that rumors were rife in the neighborhood that he had been arrested, blown up, seen on a spree around the corner. My hair stood on end; as calmly as possible I invited the company into the dining-room, where we all sat down very uncomfortably without him.

We were scarcely seated when there came a furious ring at the door-bell, and a familiar voice was heard declaring it "wanted to see Old Huffy" (that was me, Old Huffy). Before I had time to rise, in came the young man with a wild and excited air, dragging in by the arm another young man with a stupid and beery air, he had evidently been on a spree around the corner.

"Hullo, Huffy! how'r ye? Lemme izzroduce my fren' Brown. Brown—Ole Huffy. Whersh Maria? Watch all these people doin' here? Whersh Maria? Hallo, Maria, how'r ye? Where's y'r aunt? Aunt'ch goint lev' y'r money. Hullo, Aunt, how'r ye, ole gal? Givvus yer paw. Shake! No? Kish—"

And here that young man was actually about to give Aunt Snapper the first hug of her life, when in my despair I seized him and did him throw bodily from the house. I returned for his companion, who had calmly gone to sleep on the floor, and deposited him in the gutter, whence he was rescued by a passing policeman.

The young man spent the rest of the night trying to get into the house again; Aunt Snapper departed in disdain, has cut us dead, and has erased my wife's name from her will; the McToadys are in their glory; my wife has the melancholia; Maria is ogling a decrepit old bachelor who lives across the street, and I have leased the old house in Phogg street for ten years, and move back there next week.

Answers for the Anxious.

BROWN.—Dun.

K. K.—"Fireside Musings" is not amusing.

HASELTINE.—She never told her love, not even to S. J. T.

COLUMBIA.—You must have been one of the college crew and caught the English humor fever. *Punch*, *Fun* and *Judy* will think your jokes awfully funny. Send them across, and the *London Figaro* will copy them without credit.

SECOND ADVENTIST.—Thanks. Just a little late for this number; and, as we've almost exhausted the subject, much too late for the next.

LOLA, New Orleans.—Woolen fancy work is not in our line, but we are quite sure your fairy little brain and fingers can turn out something of a stronger texture.

A MOTHER'S FIRST LOVE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER VI.

HAPPINESS pure and unruffled was hers when she became the wife of her noble lover. Days and months went by, and she was surrounded by a love so tender, so sweet, that her life seemed like an ever-brightening sky; and when the thought of another being—desolate and alone, perhaps—would come reproachfully, as it often, often did, she feared not to tell her husband of it; and he did not chide her for the old haunting love, he only added some gentleness to his own.

And by and by she learnt to return his affection as she never thought she could have done before; and she learnt to think that, if ever a man was created after the divine image, this one might surely claim to be.

Her brothers and sisters were all provided for now, and her father's face was ever unclouded and serene.

By and by a little baby girl was born, and the mother's heart was filled with joy.

The time went faster than ever when the old walls were made to echo with the merry tones of a childish voice, and the little feet made a pleasant sound in the long corridors and graveled garden paths.

When the child was five years old—a bright and beauteous darling—the world began to speak of a new poet, whose genius filled it with wonder; of a new poet, whose thoughts fell on the ear like music, at times deep and sublime as some grand organ note, at times tender and pitiful as a soft *Æolian* harp weeping neath the touch of the summer wind's breath. The great world lingered delighted over the masterly work; grave men and dreaming girls learnt the sweet lines by heart, musing upon their hidden depth; and one woman, looking at the title page, felt a great sob rise from her heart, and a great flush of pride cover her cheek and brow.

Yes, it was his name that was written there—his! Harry l'Estrange had become the finest poet of the day. From the far lands where he was hidden he had sent her the best and rarest gifts of all; he had bid her accept each cherished thought of heart and brain, scattering at her feet, with the chivalrous love of yore, the laurel wreath his genius had won.

Hot tears fell fast as she tried to read—bitter tears for him, for the remembrance of a love that should never have been—and in her sorrow she cried:

"Are they true, then—true—those lines he so often repeated?" And she muttered them over and over again to herself, like an echo of the past—

"Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong—
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Oh, had it been so for him? Is it true that the voice, once trembling with anguish, can utter notes of such overwhelming sweetness as happy smile-clad lips can never know? And her eyes gazed into the far-off space, heavy with the thought of all he must have suffered. Oh, why had she been pampered and loved, while he, whose life was worth a thousand lives of hers, had suffered banishment and loneliness and weariness of spirit? Other words, other sayings of his came back; memories, sad memories, rushed through her mind, and she whispered to herself over and over again, like some bitter reproach, "Love the gift is love the debt." Yes, he had said that too; and she hated herself for the years of happiness that had been hers.

The busy clock marked the rapid flight of time, and her tears fell faster and faster upon the lines his hand had written, until she was roused by a soft voice calling to her, by soft arms wound caressingly round her neck.

That night, on the wings of a childish prayer, the poet's name was borne far away from this sad world, even unto the realms of God.

Another year passed away, and another work was published; another cry of admiration told how it had been received; and Lucy, idly glancing through the papers one morning, saw that the man who had done these things—whom the critical public had made its first idol for the time—had been in London for a few hours; had spent one evening—close to her perhaps—listening to the same strains of music in the same opera-house!

He had vanished again, none knew whither, not even the officious friends who had discovered his arrival and published it, in spite of his desire to remain unknown.

Afterwards he was heard of in the polished court of France, in the far cities of America, and everywhere the great, the learned, and the beautiful paid homage to his genius.

Peace and love reigned in Lynn Castle, happiness so pure and great that Lucy's prayers night and morning—save when she prayed for him—seemed but a long thanksgiving. Her husband was ever the truest and noblest of men, and her baby-child had grown into a pretty little maid, whose twelve summers had darkened nothing but the bright golden tint of her sunny tresses.

In the security of her heart Lucy saw not the dense clouds of sorrow gathering overhead—she saw not the dread shadow of Death drawing near; till one day, looking at her husband's face, she felt a great change had come there—something that seemed to her like the warning finger of woe, beckoning from afar. He had grown old as she gazed, and a look of pain had filled the dark blue eyes with tears. She was by his side in a moment, with her arms round his neck.

"It is nothing, little wife," he murmured, "nothing; only it seemed as if some spirit had passed by me, whispering a farewell to my sweet life on earth. I felt the words chill me as they fell; but," he added, smiling, "it is too soon to repeat them yet."

Too soon! Alas, the warning angel had not left them much time.

For three short days he lingered, patient and gentle beyond measure; three days full of the bitterest agony to the wife he had surrounded with the treasures of his love; three days, and at the end of the third day, resting his head on her breast, he whispered, "Lucy, tell me that I was not selfish in taking you from him; tell me that your life has been a happy one, and I can die without pain, beloved."

"My life has been one long dream of happiness," she answered quickly; "since I knew you first you have given me no shadow of pain—until to-day."

An hour after, the kind manly heart was at rest; the strong arms she had sought so often could support her no more. Unconscious she lay beside him, and when she opened her eyes again she knew that the angel of death had changed her life into a dreary waste.

Tears had fallen over this part of the manuscript, marking the sad words with double bitterness. The reader bent her head, and weeping herself as she did so, reverently kissed the faded paper. A whole blank page was left, and then a few more came, written with fresh ink, evidently the end which her mother told her she had written that day.

With a strange emotion at her heart, a great tenderness and compassion on her fair face, the girl went on reading.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER her husband's death, Lady Lynn, bowed down with grief, left the old house where he had died, unable to bear in her sorrow the memories of him that haunted every room, every spot, within and without those walls, where he had first and last seen kind Heaven's light. She came to London with her child—his darling, the dearest thing now in all the world to her.

Together they lived, secluded in the great city, shunning in their pain the friends of happier days. They wintered abroad, and each succeeding year carried them back again to the sunlit shores of Italy.

Time's hastening steps had now left the days of mourning far behind, and the widow felt that, for her daughter's sake, she should make a great effort to break the sweet monotony of their quiet life, and let her darling see the world.

They came back to London. Milliners were set to work; the presentation at court was accomplished; invitations came without end, and the mother felt very proud of her beautiful child—prouder still of the gentle heart that had never changed or been dazzled by her brilliant success.

By and by she was betrothed to one who had chosen her from among the many beauties of that London season, to one whom keen and worldly chaperons had called "the best match of the day," deigning scarce in their philosophy to glance at that which lay beneath the gilded rank and courtly bearing—a truthful nature and a manly heart. But the anxious mother had seen, she had weighed him in the balance of her maternal fears, and he was not found wanting. She loved him too; and when the day of the betrothal came, her very heart seemed to smile again within her. She knew that, as far as human foresight could see, as far as human infirmities would allow, her daughter's life would be a cloudless one.

They were always together now, these two—together, basking in the first brightness of their love.

One day, ere they left her to join some laughing youthful throng that called to them from the garden below, she drew their two young heads together, kissing each smooth brow in succession, and as she did so the thought of other days came back, filling her eyes with tears; but the selfish impulse was crushed in a moment, and she sent them from her, smiling and full of joy.

She watched them till they had disappeared, and then, alone in her pretty little room—though she fought hard against it—a cold gloom seemed to creep upon her, a feeling of loneliness with a sharp pang like pain.

She covered her face with her hands till the outward brilliancy was shut out, as if she feared it might have mocked her weakness.

Busily her thoughts were working, swiftly threading their way through the dark chambers of the sorrowful past. Oh, how many years, how many days and hours, she saw and felt again, till they seemed instinct with the fullness of life, till

"The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark."

Why was the bitterness so great this day—greater, harder to bear, than it had been for months? Was it true that presentiments are sent, like outriders of woe, to warn us of its coming, to soften it, perhaps? One she had loved long ago had believed this thing that she was thinking now. Was it true, could it be true indeed?

Quick and sure as the practiced marksman's arrow came the answer to her fears.

Only a folded sheet of paper, only a few hurried words, written with trembling fingers,

and she knew she had yet to learn another page of sorrow's dark-bound book.

Bravely she tried to master her anguish, to read the poor unsteady words:

"Lucy, the time has come to redeem your promise. Do not delay, my darling."

That was all. With horses urged to their utmost speed, with heart and brain throbbing till it seemed that their pulses must break, she passed through the crowded streets like one entranced, with no feeling of life left in her, save the giant wish to answer his last prayer, to see his face once more.

On, on! through "the madding crowd," through the ranks of fashion and pleasure, till the carriage stopped noiselessly in a straw-covered street, till the silence of the sick man's room told her she was near him at last.

Propped up on many pillows, frail and weak as a child, he had yet watched for her. When she entered he stretched forth his arms, and the motion was full of ineffable tenderness, but the silence of the room remained unbroken; they found no words to speak.

At such a time as this, when the last hour of hope is at hand, when the end of all has come, when love alone stands firm, and does not faint or die, bringing back all the brightness of other days, even through a mighty shroud of woe—at such a time as this poor human words are pigmies before the monarch Death; their tenderness grows cold beneath his icy touch.

They felt too much for speech, but she saw many silver threads among the blue-black hair; she saw that the strong hand of youth had wasted and grown pale, till it seemed fragile as a woman's might be. She knew the last ray of his life was fading, and she thanked God that it had shone for her.

By and by he raised his head from her bosom, whispering:

"Lucy, through all these years did you ever think of the golden summer long ago? did you ever think of the sweet hope that cheered my weary heart when I bade you farewell? Oh, I knew it was not a false dream. I knew I could not die without seeing you once again. It was a presentiment from above; one that could not deceive. I can die happy now," he added.

But the bitterness of death came to her as he spoke.

After a little while he began again, with dreamy eyes that seemed to gaze on some far-distant scene:

"When I left you, I wandered into wild lands—too wild for aught but beasts to live in; but they harmed me not; some even learnt to follow me, as a faithful dog might do, and I learnt to love Nature's dumb children with a strange love that would have made my wordly brethren smile. When the day changed into night, I would stretch myself beneath some patriarchal tree, and dream of the old home far away. Oh, how often have I watched the endless host of stars till their bright eyes seemed to read into my very heart, and catch the secret hidden there! In my loneliness they seemed as friends to me, and I communed with them as if they had been human. Oh, often, often I have answered their kindly light in words, and bade them, when they should shine on your dear face, Lucy, to tell you of my love."

She closed her eyes, listening; and it seemed as if the heavenly spheres had opened, teaching new sweetness to the earth.

"Often," he resumed, "through the lonely nights of those distant lands, my brain has pictured into reality the soft shadows of the past. Yes, you have been by my side for hours, Lucy; by my side in great silent plains, where naught but spirits seemed to breathe; in vast shadowy forests, where the whispering of many leaves seemed as the grateful prayer of night to God; near rushing waters, whose roaring

torrents stir the soul; everywhere you have answered my call! And when you came you smiled on me, Lucy, and we spoke unknown thoughts of dreamland and of love; strong mystic thoughts, so lofty, so gentle, so fair; oh, fairer than manhood's fairest dream! too sensitively tender, too delicately beautiful for earthly ears to catch, for earthly lips to tell! And yet, when you left me, when the busy day came back with its commonplace wants and cares, in the midst of it all my brain recalled the fairy web of night; and, though many silken threads were lost, many broken, I tried to mark the haunting dream on paper, and weave the tale you taught me into a song of love. One day I sent my work to you, who were its real maker; to you first, Lucy, and then to the great world, who called it good, though the human hand had dimmed the spirit light upon it."

The woman he had so loved stood by, gazing into the depths of his fading eyes, and the tenderness of a mute caress was all that she had power to give.

"When several years had come and gone," he said, "I longed, with a passionate longing, for one glimpse of my native land again, for one brief glance at my darling's face. I could not conquer the intensity of my wish, and for a short space I found myself once more in London's motley crowd—that very crowd which would have made me famous had I wished. But I only wished to see you, Lucy. I found out your usual haunts; I went to the great opera-house, where you would surely be that night, and, lost among the glittering throng, I saw you there. I watched you to the very last, with all the splendor of jewels and lace about you. Your beautiful eyes turned to me once—only once—without seeing; but their look was serene and peaceful, and I thanked God that He had made you happy."

How distinctly she recalled now each trivial deed of that night!

He seemed to be growing weaker and weaker as the quick moments fled; yet he whispered softly again:

"Do you know I often thought, Lucy, that the little bunch of forget-me-nots you gave me long ago must have stretched and changed beneath some magic spell, till they grew like a tight-fitting garment, that clung about my heart and kept it true for ever."

True heart! true love! bright creating fancy! Oh, could it be that they were doomed to grow senseless and die—colder than the cold grave, to lie silent for evermore?

"I must rest now a little," he said. "Oh, be not afraid!" he added, reading her look of dread aright; "the end has not yet come. But you must watch and pray for me, darling, for the angel of death is nigh."

His head lay on her breast again, and the pallid eyelids closed as he sent her a childlike smile of gentle trust and love.

An hour went by, and he did not move. No sign of pain disturbed the chiseled features as he slept; the wild beating of the heart he rested on marked alone the stealthy steps of the cruel phantom, drawing nearer and nearer, with arms outstretched, to bear him away; and in the depths of that heart a prayer was uttered, fervent beyond words, with immeasurable anguish. At length, with a great sigh, the trammels of sleep were shaken off, and, looking at her with intense tenderness and compassion, he drew her lips down to his own, whispering:

"O my love, the time has come!—the time has come!"

Hushed and still, they neither spoke nor moved, till his voice rose again, sweet and solemn, saying:

"Kneel down and repeat the heavenly prayer for me—the prayer that divine love taught us to utter in our need."

She struggled hard to obey.

O God, if suffering can bring down compassionate mercy from above, if it draws down for us the "gentle dew from heaven," the words of that trembling prayer must have been heard and answered!

Another short silence in the chamber of death; and then, in a clear steady voice, he said aloud:

"I believe in Thee, I hope in Thee, I love Thee, O my God!" And after a few moments had passed away, he bade her come closer to him—closer, for his eyes were heavy and the day was growing dark.

She put her arms about him once more; but the tears she had struggled to conceal could not be hidden now. He saw, he felt them falling; and his poor weak hand tried to wipe the bitter drops away, as he murmured softly in her ear:

"Oh, do not weep, my darling! It is such a blessed thing to have you back again at last! I am so happy, Lucy! Do not weep for me. And in years to come, think not of this last hour with grief; remember that you have softened to me the bitterness of Death. He is not cruel—oh, no! He seemeth now a fair and gentle thing; and the end of all is coming, sweet as calm and the peaceful setting of a summer day's sun."

She kissed the pale brow that was growing cold as snow, and he said again:

"Lucy, we must part now, but only for a little while. I shall see you again where all is pure and fair and good, where even the memory of pain is not, throughout the endless days and years that we have called eternity."

And the purity and the fairness and the goodness of that eternity came down upon the wings of Death, making the earthly face beautiful with the beauty of heaven, and she knew that a spirit too lofty for earth had passed from it for ever.

The majesty of death had come, and it was very gracious.

The manuscript ended here. The reader bent her head as she had done before, reverently kissing the lines her mother's trembling hand had written, and then putting it away with gentlest touch and care, as if it had been a thing of life, she went down softly and noiselessly to the room where she knew that sorrowing mother would be found.

The dusky night was coming fast, darkening the pretty room, and still the pale and motionless figure was there, still the sad eyes seemed unconscious of the present. In a moment the girl knelt at her feet, kissing her hands over and over again.

"O mother, mother!" she cried, "why did you doubt me? Did you not know how clearly I can read all that relates to you? Or was it to test your child's clear-sighted love that you disguised the tale of your own life and sorrow under fictitious names? My darling beautiful mother! Why did you not tell me? Poor little mother! poor mother!"

No answer came; but the mother's head bent down to hers, wetting the golden hair with tears, even as a weary rose that has outlived the storm may shed o'er the leaves of the opening blossom beside it some of the rain-drops that have burdened its own.

[END.]

THE police seem to be pretty well "clewed up" on the Stewart business. This is not intended as a grave joke.—*New Haven Register*.

UP in the oil country a man said he had seen oil on a creek almost half an inch deep. On investigation it proved to be a joke, and it was generally regarded as a very senile joke at that.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph*.



Puck's Exchanges.

NOTWITHSTANDING the approach of cold weather, gate business is still good. (Surrogate.) English humor, improved.—*Rome Sentinel*.

DELAYS are dangerous in everything except marriages—the longer you delay that, the better you are off.—*Elmira Gazette*.

MR. BUTLER claims that he had more votes than his opponent—is perfectly satisfied. This is fiat victory.—*Rochester Express*.

THE noble red man knows not the use of drawers, and yet the government is squandering money on Indian bureaus.—*Rome Sentinel*.

THE American tramp, Weston, walking at London, is reported as twenty-seven miles behind Brown, another tramp. They should feed our man on ketchup.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

THE Cornell crew challenges the Harvards. At the Cornell school, in addition to boat racing, no extra charge is made for teaching reading and writing.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"WHERE shall we find rest?" asks a religious weekly. My dear sir, the very best place to find rest and plenty of it is to become clerk in a dry-goods store that doesn't advertise.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

BISMARCK has received the Cross of the Red Eagle. This exhausts the German Emperor's stock of decorations, and as nearly all available exterior space is already occupied Bismarck will paste this one in his hat.—*Boston Post*.

HE stepped into the barn, and as he caught sight of the colt taking his frugal meal, he observed, "Isn't that an 'orse-ating spectacle?" English papers please copy.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

THE natives of Lord Howe's Island in the South Pacific petitioned for four schoolmasters and some iron pots. The gentle aborigines evidently contemplate giving a party.—*S. P. News-Letter*.

THERE is a rumor that Clara Morris has separated from her husband, and the lady spends half her time contradicting it, and so making a brand-new advertisement for her gentle self.—*Buffalo Express*.

WHAT was the matter with Jonah that the whale couldn't digest him?—*Inquirer*. It is probable that he was homesick, as nothing will make one more unappreciative of hospitality than that.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

ASTRONOMERS tell us that it would take 1,250,000 years, providing there was a telegraph wire from the earth to the nebula in Andromeda, for a dispatch to reach there. So no wire will be put up.—*Danbury News*.

FOREIGN advices state that the King of Dahomey has recommenced the custom of human sacrifices. He kills those who bring him the news. As a suitable messenger to convey Greenback intelligence to his kingship we nominate Denis Kearney.—*Rome Sentinel*.

ROSCOE CONKLING looms up since the 5th inst.—*Lowell Courier*. Yes, it does seem rather that way. Roscoe sent us the following loominous message that night: "Weave met the enemy on the warp-path, and they are woofully disappointed."—*Phila. Bulletin*.

THE CANDIDATE.

"Father, who travels the road so late?"
"Hush, my child, 'tis the candidate."
Fit examp'e of human woes—
Early he comes and late he goes;
He greets the woman with courtly grace,
He kisses the baby's dirty face,
He calls to the fence the farmer at work,
He bores the merchant, he bores the clerk,
The blacksmith, while his anvil rings,
He greets, and this the song he sings:

"Howdy, howdy, howdy do?
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah! it fits my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the workingman."

"Husband, who is that man at the gate?"
"Hush, my dear, 'tis the candidate."
"Husband, why can't he work like you?
Has he nothing at home to do?"
"My dear, whenever a man is down,
No cash at home, no money in town,
Too stupid to preach, too proud to beg,
Too timid to rob and too lazy to dig,
Then over his horse his legs he flings,
And to the dear people this song he sings:

"Howdy, howdy, howdy do?
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah! it fits my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the workingman."

Brothers who labor early and late
Ask these things of the candidate:
"What's his record? How does he stand
At home? No matter about his hand;
Be it hard or soft, so it be not prone
To close over money not his own.
Has he in view no thieving plan?
Is he honest and capable—is he our man?
Cheer such a man till the welkin rings,
Join in the chorus when thus he sings:

"Howdy, howdy, howdy do?
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah! it fits my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the workingman."

—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

MR. EPPENSTEIN'S BABIES.

YESTERDAY a reporter called at the store of Mr. Abraham Eppenstein to make some inquiries about the health of the three cherubims that his wife had presented him the night before.

"Well, how's everything?" asked the reporter, smiling broadly.

"Vell, I feels pooty good all der while. Beesness vas pickin' up pooty kvick. I haf der largest assordment of goods vat vas ever brought —"

"The children—the babies?" interrupted the reporter; "I want to know something about the babies."

"Vat babies? Oh, dose dree leetle fellers vat come to seen me last night? I vish you would said in your paper to-morrow dot Mr. Eppenstein's babies are like his goods—der best der market affords.

"Und see here," called the happy father after the vanishing reporter, "poot in a line at der bottom, und said, of you please, det our popular merchant, Mr. Eppenstein, haf just returned from Ni Yorick mit a large stock of goods, vich he is almost givin' away on account of der hard times."—*Oil City Derrick*.

LILIA asks us: "Would a man smoke cigars if he couldn't see the smoke?" Lilia, would a girl chew gum if she couldn't see what she was chewing? Ask us something with a bay window to it.—*Wheeling Leader*.

WHY is it that five-sixths of mankind, when cutting open a slapjack and finding a roach therein, instead of feeling a flood of pity at the fate of the animal, go around for the cook with a slung-shot up their sleeve?—*Wheeling Leader*.

A YOUNG man with a terrific cold in his head, sitting by the side of his best girl in a crowded church, never fully realizes the awful responsibilities of life until he struggles with all the force of his entire being to keep back an insidious sneeze.—*Hackensack Republican*.

GREAT excitement was created at Burlington a few days since, by the supposed discovery of a sea-serpent's skeleton. The wonder turned out to be nothing but an old striped stocking which a Troy girl had carelessly left there during a late visit.—*Whitehall Times*.

"SILK hats, being quite heavy on the wearer's head, are apt to cause softening of the brain." The above unparalleled lie is perpetrated in the hope that hatters will reduce their prices so that a paragrapher can obtain a tile without spending a month's salary.—*N. Y. Express*.

IF Edison will invent a simple machine to hold up a lady's dress, wipe her nose without the necessity of removing her hands from her muff, keep the tip of her nose from becoming red, and hold down her dress so that her stockings won't show when she tumbles on the ice, it will make winter promenading not only possible but pleasant for the fair sex.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

AN exchange, speaking of an accident which happened to an old gentleman, says, "Upon examination it was found that he had sustained a fracture of the neck of the femur within the capsular ligament." Ha! it was fortunate that he did not agitate the pericardium of the cerebellum, and thus destroy the juxtaposition between the thyroclatic nerve and the optimus Ambakj. It's a bad enough case as it is, but we think he will pull through.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

WHEN Prof. Watson, or some other professor, discovers a new star it is telegraphed all over the country. But when an unscientific gent steps on the slippery side of a pool of frozen water, caresses the pavement with the back of his head, and sees millions of new meteors traveling at the rate of two billion miles a second, and a whole firmament of new stars shooting hither and thither, he keeps the wonderful discovery a secret. He doesn't hanker for newspaper notoriety.—*Naughty Norristown Herald man, anticipating PUCK*.

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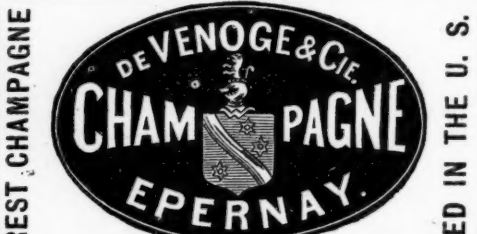
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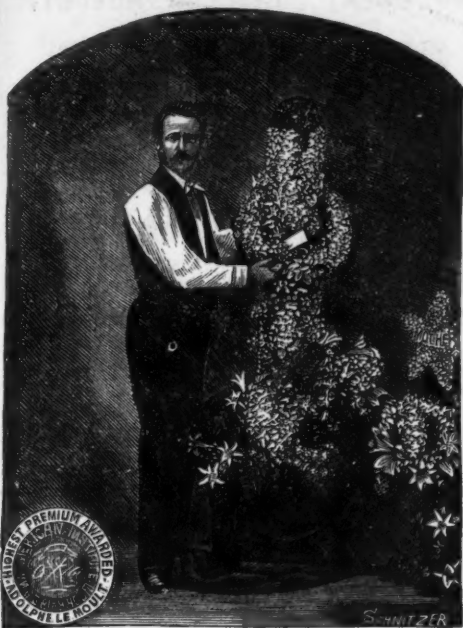
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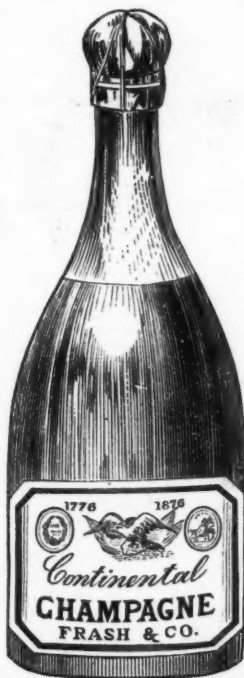


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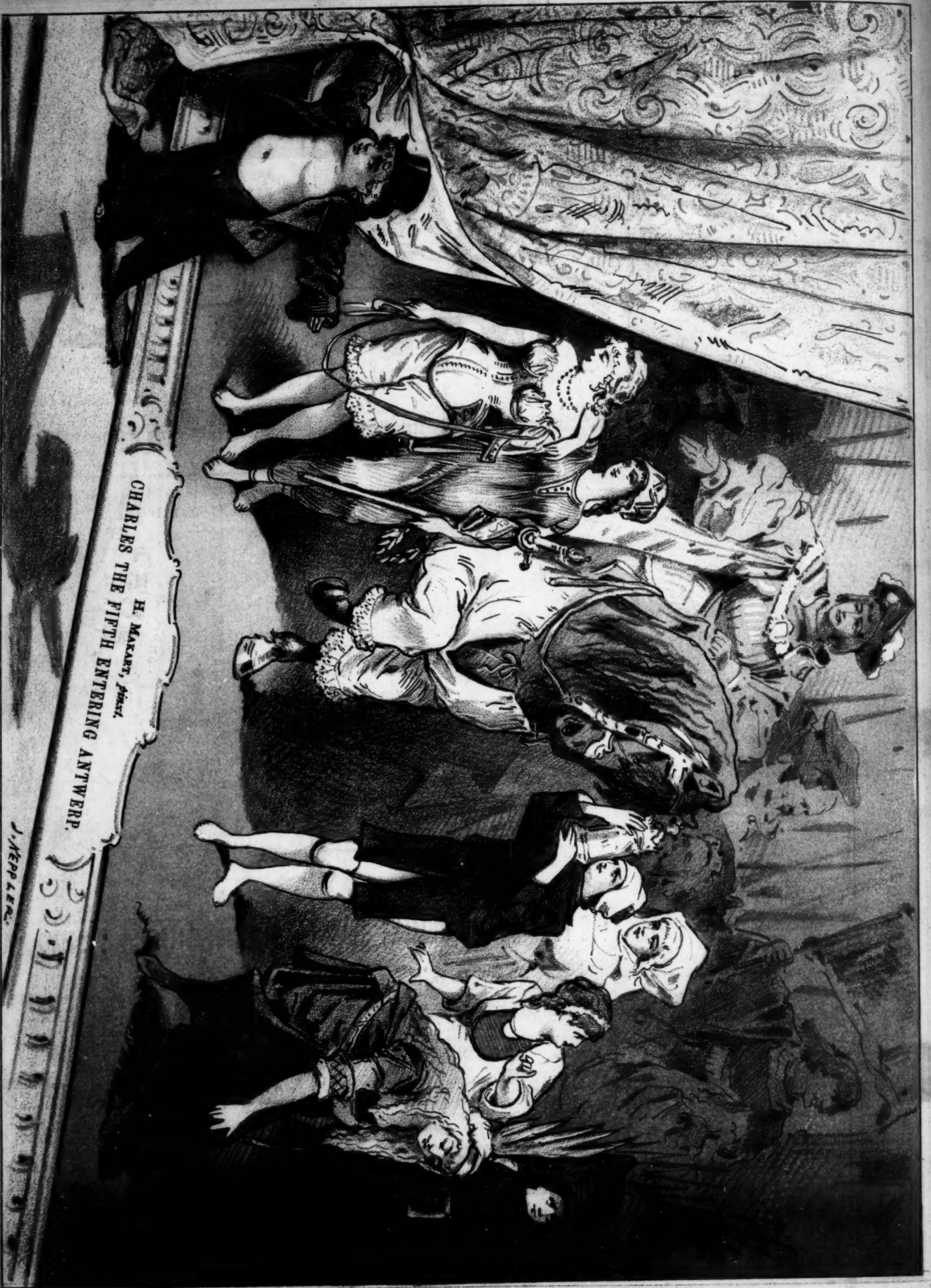
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